

Senate-80

FIVE CENTS

MANAGER

Examinations each day from 10 a.m., at the Hall.

WHITEWOOD, Sept. 8. An interesting case was tried here on the 7th, when Councillor Daniel Hunter was charged with a serious assault on Corp. Gravy, of the N. W. M. P., while at the execution of his duty. Mr. Gravy presented on the 7th a complaint against Mr. H. Hunter. The Douglal was counsel for the defendant. On the 30th August Hunter was fined \$50 on Gravy's information, for selling liquor without a license. He was allowed two hours to find the money. Eventually Gravy secured a search warrant for committing him to Regina gaol for two months in default of the fine. He found Hunter in the stable with his hired man, Sam Mick, saddling a horse. Gravy's statement is that he arrested Hunter who struck him with a riding whip, cutting his cheek. Gravy, in return for the assault, and further stated in his evidence that Gravy did not take any steps to arrest him, but only to prevent

Dr. Baird is on the war path with the full requirements of rings and a good account of himself is expected.

what has been done by patronizing it.

land, works for
calls at the M-
from his wife
Mary.

last three children residing with him.—
Portage Liberal.

BRANDON MAIL.

Thursday, Sept. 14, 1893.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

IMPORTANT EVENTS IN FEW WORDS FOR BUSY READERS.

Record of the Busy World's Happenings—Carefully Compiled and Put into Handy Shape for the Readers of Our Paper.

Hamilton Fisk, U. S. ex-Secretary of State, is dead.

A few days ago a farmer of Lavaltrie, Que., had his 27th child christened.

The department of customs, Ottawa, has received \$18 conscience money from "a pilgrim."

Dr. Graves, who was sentenced to death at Denver, cheated the gallows by poisoning himself.

Can Coughlin, only survivor of the defendants in the Cronin murder case, has been granted a new trial.

John Twigg, of Picton, Ont., for the past forty years a prominent citizen and county official, is dead.

A young daughter of James Nicholson, of James River, Picton county, was run over and killed by a train.

Ottawa is to have a first-class opera house to be built by the Russell company in rear of the big hotel.

Jack the Ripper has been getting in when the work of Amsterdam, four low groans having been mutilated.

A young son of Alex. McLean of Lorne avenue, London, fell off Black Friar's bridge while fishing and was drowned.

Two Ottawa persons are said to have been cured of diseases as a result of a recent visit to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre.

An Ottawa engraver has sold his patent for an improved printing and lithographing machine for \$50,000 to a firm in Germany.

Lieutenant Inspector Willock, for West York, is dead after a short illness of six days of inflammation of the bowels and typhoid fever.

A fire broke out in the Napanee opera house and before it was extinguished the curtains, scenery and all the stage trappings were destroyed.

Emin Pasha, who accompanied Stanley in his exploring trip, is reported as dead. He was killed by a native chief in the Mayhina country.

Typoid fever has broken out in the provincial gaol at Victoria, and most of the prisoners are to be removed to the gaol in New Westminster.

Two young men, Joseph Davis and Charles Chadwick, were drowned at Gananoque, by the upsetting of a skiff. Four companions were saved.

Thomas Quinn, bursar of the Central prison, Toronto, died at the summer residence of his brother-in-law, Hon. C. E. Fraser, on one of the Thousand Islands.

A little boy, eight years old, son of the D. J. Dickey, of Kewatin, was playing on a raft near his father's house, when he fell into the lake and was drowned.

Twenty-five persons on a lighter in Rotterdam harbor, while watching a fire near the quay ran to one side of the craft causing it. Seventeen were drowned.

Arthur Coffin, senior, who had been connected with the Northern railway ever since its opening, and who was an old and respected resident of Toronto, is dead, aged 75.

W. A. Thompson, secretary-treasurer of the Cograve Brewing and Malting Co., Toronto, and formerly in the employ of the Canadian Bank of Commerce for many years, is dead.

John Orr, of Barrie, aged 28, a Grand Trunk brakeman, fell from the top of the car while shunting and the car passed over both legs, almost cutting them off. He died in two hours.

The department of fisheries is advised that the Canadian fisheries exhibit at Chicago has about swept the board in the matter of prizes, twenty-one medals having been awarded to date.

A counterfeit of the Canadian 25-cent piece is in circulation. It is made of aluminum and is a good imitation. Though lighter in weight than the silver quarter, it may easily be mistaken for a good coin.

The religious census of Australia, just completed, shows 1,485,066 members of the church of England, 841,118 Catholics, 493,369 Presbyterians and 394,564 Methodists. These are the four most numerous denominations.

Holmes, the pedestrian, who undertook to walk from Montreal to Vancouver along the track of the C. P. R., has admitted over his own signature, that through the mountains he had rides on hand cars and freight trains.

Mrs. Row, of Sidney, has issued a writ against her husband, Sidney Row, a prominent and well-to-do farmer of Belleville district, asking alimony. The parties have been married about twelve years and have two children.

Richard Lewster, of Chatham, aged 60, was attacked by a stallion, which seized him with his teeth, shook him violently then dropped the man on the floor and stamped him with his forefeet.

The queen has approved the appointment of Gen. Sir Henry Wylie Norman, governor of Queensland, to succeed the Marquis of Lansdowne as viceroy of India. Sir Henry was formerly a member of the India council.

A "Big Four" freight train late from Louisville, Ind. Eight persons are reported to have been killed and twenty injured. The engineer and fireman were married under the wheel.

Thomas J. Hyman, assistant to President Hill of the Great Northern, has resigned. His salary was \$10,000, and his resignation will take effect September 30. General Superintendent Case has also tendered his resignation to take effect September 30.

The department of railways and canals is about to call for tenders for the construction and erection of a steel bridge to carry the P. R. over Sault Ste. Marie. The bridge is to be composed of

one swing span of 250 feet, and a piped span of 75 feet.

By an explosion of a boiler attached to a steam thrasher on the farm of Mrs. Hoult at Big Point, near Chatham, Caliste Bechard and Andrew Ritchie were so terribly injured that they cannot recover. Bechard was thrown ninety feet by the force of the explosion.

Trieste newspapers assert that a Miss Lead, a young Scotch woman, who has recently been playing at the Monte Carlo gaming tables, had remarkable luck for several days, which culminated in the breaking of the bank. She is said to have won £50,000 in one hour.

The department of fisheries is advised that the total pack of the Fraser river canners this year amounts to the enormous total of 20,000,000 one pound tins, or in other words 425,000 cases of forty-eight cans each. The weight of this enormous pack aggregates over 10,000 tons.

Several intoxicated sailors belonging to H. M. S. Blake, while returning from the sports at Berry Park pulled down a French flag flying in front of a down street, tore it to shreds, trampled it in the dust and finally flung it into the gutter. The affair has caused considerable indignation among French citizens.

A special from Managua, Nicaragua, says: A party of disbanded troops captured the convoy of government funds destined to pay the regular troops. The escort pluckily maintained the unequal fight and a fierce battle resulted. The guerrillas killed all the members of the escort and seized the money, amounting to \$180,000. The robbers then fled to Honduras.

Mrs. Janet McNair, aged 111 years, probably the oldest woman in Canada, is dead. Mr. James McNair, husband of the deceased, died fourteen years ago, at the age of 107. Yet notwithstanding the great importance attached to heredity, only three out of seven children survive the deceased couple, but the grandchildren and great-grandchildren are almost innumerable.

Two young men named Marshall and Lever were suffocated while cleaning a well in Wingham. Lever was in the well at a depth of 45 feet, boring when he struck a vein of gas. He signalled for the rope, but before it got to him he became insensible. Marshall went to the rescue and fastened the rope to Lever's body. He was pulled up and rescued, but Marshall was overcome and lost his life.

James Bell, a noted desperado, who has terrorized the people of Marshfield, Mo., for over thirty years, stabbed and killed John Harrington, without provocation. The sheriff, on account of the serious illness of his wife, declined to leave home and arrest Bell. Thomas Moore, a boy, 15 years of age, asked to be deputized, and was given gun and the shackles. He drew a bead on Bell, and made him don the bracelets, and locked him up in a cell in the county jail.

Henry A. Bella citizen of Albert Island is said to have been on route to Nottingham, Eng., whence he departed to share the exile of Mr. Wright, twenty years ago. Wright was convicted of taking £1,000 from the vault of the Nottingham Lace company. His mother died broken hearted from the shock, and his wife deserted him. After eighteen months the money was found. Wright went to Albert Island, together with about 100 friends. He is now fully in charge of the island and all are doing well.

Nellie Dorris, a mulatto girl, aged 20, who escaped from the workhouse a year ago, was recognized by an officer on the street in Kansas City. He attempted to arrest her. The girl fled and attempted to commit suicide by throwing herself in front of a moving cable train. She was not badly hurt. The officer arrested her and took her to the holdover. There the girl determined to end her life. She swallowed a quantity of pins, thrust a long hat pin through her throat and hanged herself from a bar in the door of the cell. She was cut down before life was extinct but died shortly after.

A great sensation was caused at Three Rivers by a fight between a judge and a prominent alderman. It seems that Judge Boungou and Panneton, manager of the Peoples Bank, who had been bad friends for some time over political matters, met in a barber shop, as the latter was going out the judge stopped him. A few hot words were exchanged, and finally the judge slapped Panneton's face. Friends intervened and prevented further disturbance.

Moylan, inspector of penitentiaries, says that at present there are fewer prisoners by one hundred in Kingston penitentiary than at any time during the last twenty years. He anticipated, however, that Canada would receive a large influx of the light-fingered gentry after the World's Fair. The Windy City has been a great centre of attraction for pick-pockets and sneak thieves, and as soon as the fair was over they would scatter over the continent.

John Nunnelly, London, wholesale grocer, blew out his brains with a pistol, and in a letter addressed to the coroner he says he believed that suicide in the cruel circumstances in which he was placed was the best thing he could do, not only for himself but for the family. Worry in business, he could scarcely hope to earn sufficient to keep them and pay the premium on the insurance that would come due shortly, and by taking his life the family could get the insurance and be comfortable.

A story comes from Rawdon, Hants county, N.S., that a party of five men went from there on a camping expedition, taking with them rifles to shoot big game. During Monday night one of the party named James Woods awoke, and seeing the camp fire low, went into the bush near by for wood. Another of the party named Constance hearing something rustling in the bushes thought it was a bear. He raised his rifle and fired and then all was quiet. The campers then discovered that Woods was missing and a hurried examination disclosed that he had been shot by mistake.

Real estate dealers of Toronto report on unusual demand for houses, occasioned by the large number of mechanics and other Canadians returning from the States owing to lack of work. Local customs authorities say the number of families arriving averaged fifteen per day for the past three weeks, and the number is constantly increasing, all bringing their household goods and coming to stay. They told tales of suffering in the States, and declare that nothing will

ever induce them to leave Canada again.

The crops in Ontario are not on the whole as satisfactory as it was a month or so ago anticipated they would be. This is revealed by the bulletin just issued by the Ontario Bureau of Industries. Fall wheat is estimated at 19.6 bushels per acre. This is a little lower than last year, but is of a fairly average character nevertheless. Harvesting began about July 7, but the great bulk of the crop was cut between July 15 and 25th. Spring wheat is again this year almost a failure and it is not surprising. Owing to a wet and backward spring it got a late and uneven start. Then came drought in many districts, causing too rapid filling and the resultant—a shrunken and inferior grain. Rust has been a common enemy in all parts of the province, while the mildew and other insects have caused much destruction.

Something About Siam.

The King of Siam is a tributary subject to the Emperor of China, but in his own dominions he has more nearly absolute power over his subjects than the Czar. He is small in person. When he appears in public his head is crowned with a golden pyramid of jewels rising in a regular tier, diminishing as they go upward ending in a long pencil-like pyramid, which extends nearly two feet above the forehead of his kingly owner. His only clad in gorgeous coat and vest, heavily embroidered in gold and jewels, and in place of pantaloons he has the rich broadsword of the Siamese about his loins and waist. It comes down below his knees and the front board it lost much like a pair of fancy knickerbockers. Below these are white silk stockings, and his feet are thrust into jewel-covered, heeled slippers, pointed like the Siamese. His court is a pleasant-looking monarch, and his olive-brown face is plump and unlined. He was picked out of a family of eighty-four children to be the King of Siam. He has thirty-four half-brothers and forty-nine half-sisters.

As has been said, his power over his ten million subjects is nearly absolute. All men in Siam are forced to give him either the whole or a part of their services during the year. His word can throw a man into prison or put him to death can deprive him of his property or rob him of his daughters. His court is wicked beyond the belief of an American or European. He levies taxes so heavy that at times men have to sell their wives and children as slaves to enable them to pay him. Still his vaults are full of treasure. Siam has no national debt, and he has an income of more than \$10,000,000 a year, most of which he spends for his own pleasures. The King of Siam is the best his country has ever had and is far in advance of his people. Before his second coronation, in 1873, all natives who approached the King had to do him homage. They had to raise their hands in adoration to him, and bump their heads on the mats before him. The King did away with all that, and he has introduced the American handshake into his reception of foreigners. He gives receptions to foreigners, and he speaks the English tongue, though he never does this when noted foreigners have an audience with him. He has a telephone graph and the telephone into Bangkok, his capital city, has established a street-car line, and lights his palace with electric lights.

Were Your Folks Poor?

A familiar truth which, like many of its kind is easily forgotten, is well enforced in a little conversation between an old lady and her granddaughter. The granddaughter asked: "Were your folks poor, grandma, when you was a little girl?"

"We were poor, my dear. We were poor farmers, and lived in a log cabin. It was large and comfortable; the floors were warm and carpeted, and we had plenty to eat and plenty to wear. But we made everything ourselves, and made our own cloth."

"We had no money to go to stores, even if there had been any stores to go to; and so we felt very, very poor. There were two things we were all very proud of, and how we longed for them! How often we wished we could afford them! But we couldn't, and sometimes it made us feel very miserable to be so poor. Those two things were salt mackerel and store money."

"O-o-o!" said the little girl. "Why what did you have to eat, then?"

"Nothing but beef mutton, chickens, venison, quail, squirrels, wild ducks, brook trout, and such things. As for molasses, we hadn't anything but maple syrup."

A Leap-Year Proposal.

It is generally supposed that the idea of young girls proposing marriage in leap year is a pleasant little fiction of the humorist, but there is evidence that sometimes the fair sex does avail itself of its quadruple privilege. At a recent ball in England of a member of the House of Commons is a case in point. According to the raconteur who is responsible for the story, the Commoner and his paying attention to a young lady for a long while, and had taken her to attend the House until she was perfectly posted in its rules. On the last day of the session, as they came out, he bought her a bouquet, saying: "May I offer you my handful of flowers?"

She promptly replied, "I move to amend by omitting all after the word hand."

He blushing accepted the amendment, and they adopted it unanimously.

Certainly the proposal was most subtly put, and only goes to show that the well-bred lady is not a creature that that of most men is a woman's proposal.

Awkward Compliment.

There is such a thing as being too persistently complimentary. A certain well-known professor, who had witnessed the performance of a little play in a private house, in which his hostess had taken the leading part, met the lady as she came from the theatre. "Madam," he said, rushing up to her, "you played excellently; the parts fit you to perfection."

"Oh, no, professor," said the lady, modestly, "a young and pretty woman is needed for that part."

"But madam," persisted the professor, "you have positively proved the contrary."

WESTERN WORLD.

MANITOBA MATTERS—NORTHWEST NUGGETS—COLUMBIA CRUMBS.

Collected Carefully—Given Graciously.

A Mr. Mann is erecting a warehouse at Pipestone.

Premier Greenway has been ill, but is again around as usual.

The financial results of this year's Winnipeg Exhibition was in excess of last year.

In Winnipeg bootblacks are not allowed to pursue their business on the streets on Sunday.

Col. Villiers, D. A. G., of the Winnipeg District, has been retired. He is succeeded by Col. Holmes.

Chas. McIntosh, M. P., has been officially appointed Lieutenant-Governor for the Northwest Territories.

The Victoria, B. C., lacrosse players are on a tour east. They have arranged matches with all the principal teams.

Sir Oliver Mowat and Hon. John Dryden have spoken in the highest terms of the Manitoba exhibit at the World's Fair.

The fishing this season in Lake Winnipeg has been excellent and there is no prospect of the finny tribe becoming exhausted.

A disastrous prairie fire destroyed several houses, a quantity of hay and other property in the Long Lake settlement north of Regina.

Winnipeg some little time ago adopted numbers for the streets. The City Council is now taking steps to restore the old names.

Mining operations are to be pushed by the Dominion Coal Co. at Estevan and another point this season. Operations have already begun.

Mr. F. W. Ferguson has been appointed chief liquidator for the Commercial bank, with Messrs. W. Hespeler and J. S. Ewart as advisers.

Mr. W. A. McIntyre has been appointed to succeed Mr. D. J. Goggin as principal of the Normal school at Winnipeg, with Mr. H. S. McLean as assistant.

Mr. D. J. Goggin, who recently resigned charge of the normal school at Winnipeg to assume a similar position in the Territories, receives \$3,000 a year.

At a recent Sunday morning service at Griswold, Mr. Hartland, missionary to the Sioux at that point, had sixty-five christianized Indians and squaws in his congregation.

The American Government is complaining that Indians from the Northwest Territories are carrying durable goods into Dakota, and an effort will be made to stop the practice.

Prince Albert has sent a car of produce of that section to the east to be exhibited at the coming fair. It is in charge of Mr. C. R. Stord, and is replenished each week with fresh vegetables.

A few days ago one of the Barnaboy boys was tried before Judge Cumberland for some misdemeanor. Upon being sentenced to several months imprisonment the boy took off his coat and threw it at the judge's head.

The capital lacrosse team of Winnipeg made a week's tour round a portion of the province and played games with the local clubs. They were successful at Brandon, Bismarck, Hartney, Souris and Rapid City. At Carberry they played a game of football and were badly defeated.

Among the U. S. patents granted to Canadian inventors, August 8, is one to ex-Ald. Sampson Walker, of Winnipeg, lubricator for car journals, and another to John C. Lund, assignor of one half to F. A. Fairchild, of the same city, attachment for threshing machines.

Rev. Dr. Jardine, late Presbyterian minister of Prince Albert, and at one time editor of the now defunct Saskatchewan, has notified the Regina Presbytery that the Confession of Faith does not now express his true convictions, and has asked to have his name removed from the roll as a minister of the church.

Manitoba governorship is still in doubt. The race is between W. B. Seath, ex-M. P. and A. W. Ross, the commons member for Lisgar. The majority of the Cabinet are for Ross, but Sir John Thompson, does not like to make the appointment in the face of the opposition of Mr. H. J. Macdonald, M. P. for Winnipeg, and Hon. T. M. Daly.

Considerable amusement was caused in town yesterday by the arrival of a buck Indian dressed in European costume, save the boots, who to save his complexion from the fierce rays of the sun, carried in the most approved fashion a handsome silk sun shade. His beloved spouse followed bareheaded at a respectful distance from her lord and master. —Medicine Hat Times.

Sir Oliver Mowat, Premier of Ontario, and Hon. J. Dryden, Minister of Agriculture, paid a visit recently to the western limits of the province, including the Rainy River district. They have since returned to Toronto, and it is stated that the premier has given a railway to Fort William for that new country. The hon. gentlemen were greatly delighted with the prospects of the undeveloped country.

At the menagerie the other night, according to a comic paper, one of the feminine performers refused to go into the lion's cage as usual, because there was a mouse in there.

First Penitent to Judge: "Your honor, I lent my neighbor a milk-pail, he has gone and broken it, and now I claim damages."

Second Penitent: "Your honor, there's not a word of truth in what he says. In the first place, he never lent me a milk pail; secondly, the pail was already broken and he lent it to me; thirdly, the pail was hole when I took it back to him, and I am prepared to swear to each of these statements."

Caution Needed.

A tourist had visited a small historic town. He was shown the massive wall that surrounded it, and the immense town gates.

"You need to be very careful," he said, gravely to the official who was his escort.

"Why so?"

"Sometimes when these gates are open, the village may get lost."

"There are two things," remarked Fog, in a contemplative mood, "that I don't understand. One of these is how the world got along before I came into it; and the other how it is going to get along after I have left it."

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.

Northern Pacific R. Co., Lessee.

LATEST TIME CARD.

Two Through Trains Daily.

Tickets sold and baggage checked through to all points in the United States and Canada.

Close connection made in Chicago with all trains going East and South.

For full information apply to your nearest ticket agent, or

JAS. C. POSEY, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt., Chicago, Ill.

MANITOBA & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY CO.

TIME CARD

Taking Effect June 1st, 1893.

Regular passenger trains run as follows:

Leave Winnipeg at 8:00 a.m. for

Brandon, Portage la Prairie, and

St. James, Minn. Arrive at 1:00 p.m.

Leave Brandon at 8:00 a.m. for

Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie, and

St. James, Minn. Arrive at 1:00 p.m.

Leave Portage la Prairie at 8:00 a.m. for

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SYRUP OF FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers, and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 75c bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Manufactured only by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.
ROBE CO. AGENT AT BRANDON.

Save
Paying
Doctors' Bills

BY USING

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

THEY are the Remedy that the bounteous hand of nature has provided for all diseases arising from IMPURE BLOOD.

Morse's Pills

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

W. H. COMSTOCK,
BRIDGEVILLE, ONT. MONTICLOTT, N. Y.

Why
you take
Cold
and
Cough.

Generally caused by exposure to cold, wet feet, sitting in a draught, coming from hot and crowded places, in thin dress, or wearing damp clothes, stockings, or any other cause tending to check suddenly the perspiration. The result produces inflammation of the lining membrane of the lungs or throat, and this causes phlegm or matter, which nature tries to throw off by expectoration. In many cases she is unable to do so without assistance, and this is

Why
you use
Allen's
Lung
Balsam.

Three Size Bottles,
25c, 50c, \$1.00

THE UXBRIDGE
Piano & Organ Company

have two of the best equipped factories in the Dominion.

There have a new six octave Organ in piano case, without case, patented. This Organ has become a great favorite, the orders come in faster than they can be filled.

Their Pianos are manufactured by a man of long experience from Boston, Mass.

In Toronto, where competition is keenest, these Pianos have been the winners in every contest. Every instrument warranted five years.

CHAS. MAYWOOD, agent Brandon
or write to the Company, Uxbridge, Ont.

GAY PARIS FASHIONS.

A REFLECTION UPON THE TASTE OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

Revival of the Styles of 1830—A Tour of All the Exporting Houses—Black, and Black and White the Prevailing Colors. New Styles in Wraps.

(Copyright, 1894, by American Press Association.)

When I was at home I thought nobody but New Yorkers left by the wholesale to flock to the country, the mountains or the seashore in summer, but I find that Paris is much the same. "Everybody is away," they tell you, but I find that it is in one sense better for the sightseer, for now the streets are not crowded, and though it is pretty warm by spells, it seems to me that Paris was never more interesting or pretty. We make daily excursions that take in everything from statuary to embryo bonnets, and from the lovely natural and unnatural scenery in the environs to the new dress goods.



THE LATEST FOR HOME.

It is a real temptation to write of the beauties of Paris and forget fashion a little while, but as every one knows all about this great city and not all know about the new things in active preparation for the special benefit of American women, I think I must put a muzzle on my pen and hold it down to work.

I went into a "magnin" today, where our bonnets and hats are all designed, and there I saw such sights as made my hair fairly stand on end. There were down-laths of white felt—we've got to wear them—and there are all sorts of military styles from Napoleon's tricorn down to a common soldier's headgear. There are great ugly scoop bonnets with "mats" at the sides and assertive crowns, and these have big plumes which bend forward and sideways, held up by enormous loops of stiffened ribbon. Some of them have frills of lace along the inside, and once or twice I noticed had a few flowers down the inside of the tabs, where they would actually rest against the cheeks.

I asked the head woman why that was thus and she said that the most pronounced of the styles were for the American market, and she added that the Frenchwomen would not wear a thing unless sure that it was becoming, while an American would wear anything that was the style whether becoming or not. And she furthermore said that Americans all like the showy and striking, and they always deviated from their own fine taste in making up for our market. That made me mad. We pay our money and should not be treated like savages.

The fancy goods houses are getting up the daintiest and cunningest little dress caps for afternoon wear, and they call them "ray kops," meaning tea caps. They are filmy fluffs and puffs of white and pale tinted silk muslin, stiff with mull or lace. They are not much larger than one's hand, but they are so pert and coquettish, so dainty and cute, that everybody will wear them. The most of them are white, with a rosette of baby ribbon, or a tiny tuft of marabout, or a fine grey aigrette, or a small bunch of small and delicate flowers. One was made of black dotted net over fine mull, with a full quilling of lace over mull and a small bunch of blue velvet forget-me-nots in the front, which raised the quilling to a coquettish point. A few had a butterfly bow made of fine thread lace, the ends of the lace falling backward over the hair in a barb.

As nearly as one can judge from present indications the 1830 styles will be accentuated for the fall and winter, most particularly for all home costumes and most street gowns. I was shown in another place a round dozen of gowns being made for Sarah Bernhardt, who sent her own designs for them, but it seems that she laid no restrictions on their reproduction, for several of them are being copied, and one was just finished and being tried on by a young American lady now purchasing her wedding outfit. This special gown was of peach blow satin duchess, with full skirt plain from top to bottom, but of the richest goods, and the skirt was stiffened about to the knees. There was a moss green velvet gigot, very large and very long, so that there were wrinkles all down the arms. The waist was made with a yoke, which was pointed in front and on the back, while the rest was gathered in to the belt. There was a high double ruff of fine white lace at the neck.

The modiste has a colored design to show how the hair should be dressed to be in full keeping with this quaint gown. The hair is parted in the middle and laid high upon each temple in loose curls. The back is a French twist, with a narrow high square comb, over which is laid a puff of the hair, and this is held by a large double bow of pink gazar ribbon. I forgot to mention that the skirt is cut demure. It makes a lovely gown. The berthia is of duchess lace and is plaited full on the shoulders and

finished with small bows of ribbon the exact shade of the satin.

A tour of all the exporting houses and the dressmakers shows that black is to be the prevailing color, and black and white either in stripes or very large plaids will be very much worn. These plaids have designs, some of them over a foot square, but they are not at all vulgar, as the lines and squares are made up in new combinations that show an agreeable surface. It does not look plaid, but has an evenness that causes you to forget the crossed lines. Many of them have the pattern bias, or diamond shaped. The all black dress materials are superb in fineness, bloom and design, and the different patterns in broad, basket weave, stripes and swivel brocade are beautiful and highly artistic. The silk warp lacinas and similar fabrics are simply exquisite and more distinguished than silk. There is also a long list of greys with black or white, or both, threads thrown in irregularly, making indistinct stripes and plaids.

There are many novelties in colored woolen goods, but nothing very interesting. The toned reps and tweeds of last season are again put forward with some new colors and combinations, but every one here says it will be a great black and white season, and that very large plaids, made mostly on the bias, will be worn very generally. I am sorry, for I am too little for big plaids, and I look too insignificant for anything in all black. But the greatest good for the greatest number is my motto.

The Champs Elysees, instead of being deserted, is more crowded than ever of an afternoon of Sunday, but it has a different class, and these people are all on foot, a few in hired carriages, and a good many on bicycles, and I must say that it is a pretty sight to notice the possibilities of lawn and ordinary cotton goods. Few wear anything but washable dresses, but the colors are so well chosen, the dresses so exquisitely neat and so well made that they are more than pretty. No speck or spot of soil is seen on one. The hands are covered with well fitting cotton or silk gloves, the boots or low shoes are so trim, and the hat always just what it should be, and the indescribable air of the woman who respects her dress is over them all. A Frenchwoman is French through and through, and neatness and the sense of the fitness of things are born in her.

The bicycle costumes are wonderful, and some of them are more than vulgar, as persons who wear them, evidently do so for the purpose of making a display of their figures. But there are hundreds of nice girls who enjoy a ride and who dress neatly and in a modest way, but French taste makes it necessary for them to add a few little touches of bright color or trimming to the otherwise rather sober dress. One pretty bicycling costume might please some of our young ladies, so I will describe it. The skirt was of light brown cheviot, and it reached to the ankle nearly, and was edged with a band of Persian embroidery. There was a belt and the forearm sleeves of the same, and a low collar also of the Persian work. The blouse was of crepon, a shade darker than the skirt. The sailor hat was of white straw, with brown ribbon. The brown was on the snuff shade, which is an excellent one not to show dust. The feet are encased in dainty laced boots with brown cloth tops. No French girl would wear a tennis shoe nor one with a low flat heel to save her life. She just simply couldn't.

By the way, one sees a good many laced shoes now—pretty, high prunella boots with varnished tips and laced with silk cords. On the tops are little silk tassels or round silk pompons hanging by silken cords. They are very neat and pretty, particularly for children. These boots come well up above the ankle and are sometimes scalloped and sometimes plain.

Among the places visited in search of the fashionable instead of the picturesque I found a glove house, and there



PARIS BICYCLE COSTUME.

was told that the prettiest gloves would have lace insertings near the top and that some of the nicest evening gloves would have embroidery or fine steel beading and that black glace kid would be the elegant glove of the season. They are making them, however, for the American market in quite showy colors. Do they think we are a pack of savages, I wonder? Gray dressed kid in two, three and four buttons will be much worn, and where practicable gloves will match the colors in gowns.

I am also told that there will be quite a run on Marie Antoinette scarfs and fichus in mull, muslin and lace, nearly all finished with plain ruffles, grilles or tatted.

As to wraps, they will be "so various" that it would be difficult to mention them all, but the Spanish or military cape of velvet, cloth or plush, lined with satin, will be the best favorite for dress, and the long array of smart jackets will just suit the young and the busy woman. The lapels and the collars are wide and striking, and besides them there is a legion of short wraps of lace, silk and velvet, not differing widely from those of spring. Many rich carriage wraps will be of mallets and black plush richly embroidered in black silk in superb raised figures.

MARY DERWENT.
Paris, August, 1893.

Destructive Tidal Wave.

The great volcanic eruption on the island of Krakatau, in 1883, which made the "Loudest Noise Ever Heard," will always be famous for the extraordinary red sunsets which followed it. Mr. Worsfold, in his recent book, "A Visit to Java," quotes the narrative of a man who was second engineer on the steamship Governor-General Lowden, which on the day of the eruption, August 27th, was anchored off Telokbetong in Sumatra. The island of Krakatau lies between Sumatra and Java in the Straits of Sunda.

The chief officer and myself noticed a dark line out at sea which bore the appearance of a tidal wave, and while we were remarking upon it the captain rushed upon the bridge and telegraphed to the engine room to steam slowly ahead up to the anchors. I was carrying out the order when the wave reached the ship. First she dropped, then she heaved up and down for about five minutes. There were three waves.

When I came on deck again, the long pier, which had been crowded with Europeans from the town—they had experienced the shock of an earthquake during the night—this pier, the houses and offices had disappeared, in fact, the whole town was gone.

A government steamer which had lain at anchor in the bay was landed high on the top of the palm trees in company with some native boats. That was the first intimation that Krakatau was in eruption. For the rest of the day the rumbling thunder never ceased, while the darkness grew to a thick, impenetrable covering of smoky vapor.

We got under way and proceeded till the darkness made it impossible to go further. While we were thus developed in darkness the elders and stones discharged by the volcano began to fall upon the ship. In a short time the canvas awning and the deck was covered with ashes and stones to the depth of two feet, and all our available men were employed in removing the falling mass, which otherwise would sink the ship.

We had a large number of natives on board, and a hundred and sixty European soldiers. The soldiers worked with the energy of despair, in clearing the deck, in spite of the twofold danger of being burnt and stunned by falling stones.

While we were engaged in this struggle, a new and terrible danger came upon us. This was the approach of the tidal wave caused by the second eruption. It struck us about two o'clock.

Sometimes the ship was almost straight on end; at other times she heaved over almost on her beam ends. All the passengers and crew gave themselves up for lost, but there was no panic and the captain handled the ship splendidly throughout.

You can fancy what it was like when I tell you that the captain was lashed with three ropes along side the engine room companion, while I was lashed down below to work the engines.

When we reached Angier we found no trace—not a splinter of wood nor a fraction of stone—of all the buildings of that once flourishing seaport.

He: "How do you like Lord Foppington, Miss Barrow?"

Miss Barrow: "Not at all. He can't pronounce his 'R's, and I do distrust being addressed as Miss Barrow."

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is oftentimes absolutely cured in its earliest stages by the use of that wonderful

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which is now in high repute the world over.

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(CUT PLUG.)
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Oldest Cut Tobacco manufacturers in Canada.

Whitchurch
MONTREAL.

Cut Plug. 1 lb Plug. 1 lb Plug.

Significant.

Women who entertain unfavorable opinions of their neighbors should be careful how they explain themselves before children.

Bobby was taking supper at Mrs. Witherby's and Mrs. Witherby was about to pass him the cake for the second time she said:

"Did you ask your mother if you might have two pieces of cake, Bobby?"

"Yes'm."

"And what did you say?"

"She said I could if I offered them to me, and then she laughed."

—Life.

Tourist: "These are beautiful mountains, but how much more picturesque would they look if there was an ancient ruin on the summit."

Hotel-keeper: "Yes, I believe an ancient ruin would draw more tourists. Next year I am going to have one built!"

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CAUTION.—Beware of substitutes. Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, Baltimore. Sold by all druggists. 50c and \$1.00.

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NOTICE.

I beg to notify the public that I have been appointed Agent for the Northwest Fire Insurance Company of Manitoba, which has a capital of \$500,000. The City of London Fire Insurance Company of London, England, capital \$1,000,000. The Insurance Company of North America, cash assets \$2,500,000, and that I am prepared to renew existing insurance now in force at this Agency as and to accept proposal for new insurances. All classes of insurance property written at current rates. Apply to

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BRANDON MAIL.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 14th, 1893.

THE MAIL has the Largest Circulation of any Newspaper in Brandon. Our Books are open for inspection to our Advertisers. Circulation over 1600.

WHILE WE STAND.

The contest in Brandon city is now over, and the results should only set the opposition into preparation to meet the emergency again. In less than three years in any event, a general election will be held and it is not now an hour too soon to prepare for it on proper lines. The present government came into power on promises, many of which they have failed to fulfill. It is, however, in the glaring blunders and extravagances in channels never before named the most serious charges are traced to the doors of the administration. It is true that in their departmental economy they have run the machine on less money than was expended by their predecessors, but with this admitted, all that can be said in their favor has been said.

They promised the people a heavy cut in railway freight through the construction of the Hudson's Bay R. and local lines without cost to the country; and in turn they have repudiated their every utterance on the H. B. R. and given us a bankrupt N. P. R. & C. whose competition is the adoption of precisely the same rates as are adopted by the C. P. R. They declared to be a huge monopolist. They promised us a voters' list compiled by non-partisan municipal clerks, and they gave us one made up by the most unscrupulous partisans, they can find, in most cases one in which no opponents can get a semblance of justice without an expenditure that but few constituencies are able to bear. They promised us increased grants for schools and municipalities and gave them for a few years until their own corruption and extravagances in Chicago hotels and the like rendered their reticence impossible. They promised us a scrupulous oversight over the payments to contractors and they gave Ryan and Haney on the eve of an election \$45,000 without the slightest compulsion from the courts, after their Attorney-General Mr. Martin said they had no legal claim, and after their premier said he would make no payment until compelled to. If the public suspect fraud, and corruption in this they only conclude from reasonable inference. They promised to erect necessary public buildings for a time out of current revenue, and now we find the country mortgaged for two and a half millions of dollars. They promised a non-partisan administration of the public affairs and now we find after five short years of rule, every Conservative official beheld and the offices of the country filled by partisans of their own stripe whose only qualifications in most cases are dirty work done in provincial elections. We might go on to infinity, but enough is before every man who wants to see that the government have so broken faith with the country

that they ought not to be longer retained in office. A change, however, as the government have got possession of so many vantage grounds, can only be made by perfect organization, and a suitable scheme for the proper government of the country laid before the people. Criticism and exposure of the government's short comings are all well in their place but they are not enough. It is very desirable to show that the government are no longer entitled the confidence of the people but that is going but half way. It is not holding suitable successors with a suitable platform before the electorate—it is only destroying without an assurance a better structure can be, and will be, placed upon their ashes.

THE CONTEST.

It is quite natural for a defeated party to cry "Bribery and Corruption", but that both were freely indulged in the election in this city last week, by the Greenway party, is apparent on the surface. It is always to be expected that there will be found in any party, men will over step the bounds of the best election act that may be passed by man; but when these violations are the rule instead of the exceptions the leaders must be held responsible. With the voters list as it was in this contest under the act on the statute book improprieties should be expected but flagrant corruption was the consequence. Imagine a list on which one-fifth of the voters represented had no real or personal interest in the division when the compilation was made, and were therefore a few months later scattered all over the northern part of North America, wherever an employment that has given out in the city since the list was made, could be found, and the average reader will readily understand the efforts that two parties desirous to succeed will make on polling day to procure them. Mr. Macdonald and his friends knowing the utter unscrupulousness of the leader of the opposing faction, Mr. Clifford Sifton, and the leverage in his hands in the control of the treasury, were fully aware that every man who was on the list that could be got to vote for Mr. Adams by purchase or otherwise would be secured, naturally had to put forth their best efforts, but lacking in means and devices their means fell short, they did not get in all, their friends who were at all amenable to the mesmerism known to the honorable Senator Simpson were mesmerized. Some opponents who were liable to be influenced by fire water were locked up in a room with a large supply at their hands, some whose votes could be bought outright were bought, others who were known to be fond of money and could not be trusted were sent out of the constituency with an inducement of tin in their pockets, and so on of a dozen or more expedients. What part Mr. Adams himself took in the game we do not know, but Mr. Sifton was on hand like Napoleon in his battles engineering the wholesale corruption.

Our friends now see the mistake they made in not protesting the North Brandon election of two years ago. They might not have succeeded in bringing it to a finish before the general election that followed, but by pushing it to a finish they could have disqualified the hero of the contest, and exposed him before the world as the arch corruptor of his age. They could have shown that he was a great temperance man and the ornament of his party was privy to debauching the constituency with cash and whiskey to an extent from which it will not recover in the present generation. What that done then, there would have been a different result now.

There is talk of protesting this election and for the purpose of punishing the wrong it ought to be done, though with out a new list, we don't see how different results can be got from another contest. Those of the electors who could be purchased have been purchased, and in another contest could be bought again, and no doubt Mr. Sifton would see the money necessary to secure the end desired was forthcoming.

THE GRIT.

There is a grit paper down in Nova Scotia, and the leading one at that, whose utterances are as follows:
—We want separation pure and simple.
—Halifax Chronicle, June 2.
—"Repeat will assure us reciprocity with the states."—Halifax Chronicle, June 2.
—"Repeat and reciprocity, reciprocity and repeat. Let the electors bear in mind that they stand or fall together."—Halifax Chronicle, June 3.
It will now be in order for Mr. Laurier, The Brandon Sun, The Winnipeg Tribune, Clifford Sifton & Co. to say how they sympathize with these utterances.

Hon. Clifford Sifton, a gentleman whose word is always relied upon in other matters, says he counted 900 visitors entering the Manitoba exhibit in one hour. The average daily attendance is estimated at more than 3,000.—Portage Liberal.

As it would take the ordinary visitor about two hours to visit the exhibit, there must have been in Sifton's time 1,800 people in a room that has a capacity to hold about 500 people at once. Of course,

yes, Sifton is a gentleman whose word is always relied upon by men of the Liberal stamp no matter what he says. In fact it would be if he said it was Jonah that swallowed the whale.

"This is the way the Adams party put down 'corruption and bribery' like the immortal John Mulviver in the celebrated Walker-Carling contest in London, Ont.

Mr. Adams.—Please see that this man gets his board and is looked after until I get there. His name is —, and he is O. K.

For J. D. C.

The J. D. C. is the Hon. J. D. Cameron, of Winnipeg. Mr. Sifton's cabinet colleague. It is a case of "Birds of a feather."

The English Lords have thrown out the Home Rule Bill. A general election is likely to be the result in which the Liberals will be badly defeated.

LOCAL NEWS.

The date of the meeting of the grain standard's board has not yet been definitely settled, except in so far as the Free Press dispatch from Ottawa yesterday mentions between the 18th in the 1st and the 7th of October. Secretary Bell, however states that the reports and samples will be ready by the 22nd inst., which will be the probable date of meeting.

Miss McCleary, one of the instructors in the Battleford Indian Industrial school left yesterday morning for the World's Fair. Accompanying her were seven Indian girls from the government schools at Battleford and Qu'Appelle, who will give exhibitions of the progress they have made in civilization, in the Manufacturers' building at the World's Fair.

A correspondent writes from Hamilton: Not many people in Manitoba are aware of this young town and district. As an evidence of the progress we are making it may be stated that last year the amount of freight received here was 4,263,112 pounds; also 845,000 feet of lumber. One hundred and sixty-four thousand bushels of grain were shipped out, exclusive of other products.

Miss Aleta Paisley, second daughter of Mr. James Paisley, this city, a graduate of St. Thomas' Ladies College, made her debut as an elocutionist to a Brandon audience on Tuesday evening. The hall was well filled, and at the outset was very natural, the young lady evinced a little nervousness which she readily got well under control and then went through with a lengthy programme embracing recitations, Jack Hall's Boat Race, Easter in the Hospital, an act from Shakespeare, the Missionary Man's Eyes, The Courtin, Perilous (Stanza Recit), and all of the gestures and movements known in the Delarue system, which the author defines to be elocution itself. The applause given by the audience as the events of the programme were completed bore evidence of the success of the performer step by step. Miss Paisley has a sweet voice, an acceptable figure, and a grace that cannot fail to command attention in award with the confidence and perfection beget of age, practice and experience cannot fail to make her an artist of a very high order, and a credit to her family and the province of her adoption.

A COMPLETE REVISION.

MONTREAL, Sept. 12.—Thompson, Canon, Foster and Angers arrived this afternoon from Ottawa, and were received by a good gathering of politicians and members of the city council and welcomed to the city. The members held a reception this afternoon and to night a mass meeting was held in the drill hall.

MONTREAL, Sept. 12.—Six thousand people attended the two Conservative meetings at the Grand Hotel, and the address of the Hon. J. D. Cameron was the feature of the evening. In reply the premier declared the policy of the government. He declared that the government after careful survey into all the interests involved would make a complete revision of the tariff and might also probably make concessions in its policy. The government would endeavor to serve the interests of all classes of the population and in favor of no particular class. Speaking of the Manitoba school question, Sir John said the government had submitted the question whether it had the right to give remedial legislation to the courts, and that a decision was rendered it would be impossible to say what the government's course would be. Addresses were also made by Canon, Guimot, Angers and O'Brien, and the meeting broke up at a late hour.

OPENED NEXT WEEK.

Says Whyte returned on Monday from a trip of inspection over the completed portion of the P. R. & C. extension. He indicated a P. R. & C. reporter yesterday that the road would be completed the latter part of this week and freight would be accepted for transportation on Monday next. The week following the passenger service would be inaugurated and trains would leave St. Paul at such hours as to make close connections with the through express at Pasqua on the main line. The change of time on the P. R. & C. would not come into effect till the severe weather set in, which will probably put the change back some little time from the date just announced.

In passing of the new elevator, Mr. White said that the approved plans had not yet been received from Montreal, but that work would be commenced on the structure very shortly.

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For the east, daily at 8 p.m.
" local, daily, except Sun. at 7 p.m.
" we, daily, at 10.15 a.m.
For Brandon City, daily except Sun. at 12.15 p.m.
" Souris Branch, Mon. & Wed. at 12 p.m.
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WE CLAIM We can give you the best value in Brandon in our Lines of Groceries & Crockery.

We have the largest Stock in Manitoba, and can give the highest Market prices for Butter, Eggs, Potatoes or anything you have to sell.

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In Dr. Spencer's terrace, 18th street. Houses warm and comfortable. Terms moderate.
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One of the best in the city. Price and terms of payment moderate, address, E. F. Maillet, office.

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Don't forget the place, in Daly & Coldwell's New Block.

PROFESSOR W. E. BERGMAN, SPECIALIST,
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DRESS GOODS | 50c. dress goods at 35cts.
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We cut the price in half, stock getting low, as prices they are offered at cannot hold them.

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At 33-1 per cent off, which Mens' \$15.00 Suits will go for \$10.90.

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Our Grocery Stock is complete and sold at bottom prices. Received to-day, New Salmon, New Teas, Coffees, and Spices.

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IF YOU ARE RUN DOWN TRY THE D.P. EMULSION

It Will Make You Eat. Will Tone Your Nerves. Will Make You Strong. Will Make You Feel Like Yourself Again.

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The Wealth of Health

Is in Pure Rich Blood; to enrich the blood is like putting money out at interest.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites

possesses blood enriching properties in a remarkable degree. *Are you all run down? Take Scott's Emulsion. Almost as Palatable as Milk.* Beware and get the genuine.

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FIVE PROPOSALS.

Five Leaves From the Life of a Western Society Girl.

When I began to let down my skirts and put up my hair, and while I was emerging from the schoolgirl curls into the butterfly young lady, my curiosity was aroused in no small degree upon the subject of the way in which men proposed. I wanted to know the words they used, the tones, the looks, the gestures, the manner, it was a solemn performance or a gay one, if the girl were always happy, or sometimes if she were not a little bit frightened. My ideas were primitive in the extreme. I questioned my mother, my married sister, my aunts. My questions all were answered except what "she" said upon the supreme occasion. When I arrived at that point they suddenly "forgot." But to my suspicious mind their sparkling eyes belied their words. Evidently they wouldn't, perhaps they couldn't bring themselves to tell it of men they married. I clinched my hands and registered a vow. If ever I were so fortunate as to have an offer of marriage, and did not accept it, I would remember every word, every tone, every look, every gesture in the midst of it to take notes. Then when other girls asked me just what he said, I also vowed to tell them. It is not an idle curiosity which makes me ask. It is the deep interest they feel at the border of the enchanted land, as to what the knight will say and do, when they have pressed their dainty feet upon his domain, and entered the kingdom where they at any day may meet him. Books do not help them. They want real life.

The following instances are my answers to their questions. I send them home. They are just what I would have given one of my ears to have heard with the other.

A most wise mother having decreed that I should be sheltered from the "veal-love," as my brother calls it, to which most girls are subject, I grew up with a mind singularly free from all such travesties. I was naturally romantic in imagination, was peopled with these prodigies, entirely the creation of my own brain. I knew nothing of flirting. Small wonder then, that I was by turns, the puzzle, the terror, and the joy of the laughing stock of the first men I met, for there are always smart young fellows ready to ridicule an innocence which they cannot understand.

The summer I was sixteen was the momentous one of my first proposal. I went to spend my vacation with four cousins in Kentucky. Gay, charming girls were they, living in a low, rose-covered house on the edge of the town. Although at home men were not allowed to call, here they could not be kept away from us by my cousins had them by the score.

The day before my birthday I met a man—a universal beau—as skilled in the art of flirting as I was unskilled. He flattered me and my head swam, and went through all the first stages of a flirtation without once hinting of marriage. In a confused, blind way, I felt that something was wrong. I was ashamed to tell any one, but I thought he ought to know that I did not think of him as he professed to think of me. Still all he said was so intangible I could not relate it nor speak out frankly myself.

One day when we were driving, he suddenly threw his arm around me and tried to kiss me. Frightened out of my wits, I sprang up and actually had my foot on the step prepared to go out over the wheels, when he caught my hand.

"Sit down, child," he said, "I won't touch you."

Never shall I forget the humiliation of that moment. As I look back I think nothing more unfortunate ever happened to me than that myself. I blushed and blushed, and unspooled page of my childish belief in men, and the veil has never been smoothed out.

There was no harm in what I did, he went on. "It was because I think so much of you." No answer from me. I knew now that he was flirting with me. It made me furious.

"Take me home," I said abruptly.

In the silence which followed, my thoughts spun round and round. I could not formulate them. Suddenly he said: "I love you."

I turned and looked at him. It was the first time he had spoken that word.

"Yes, I love you," he said.

"I am very sorry," I faltered, losing my new-found courage and indignation at once.

"Sorry," he echoed.

"Yes, very sorry, for I do not love you."

"Why, do you tell me that?" he cried. "Why couldn't you let me love you for the few weeks you let me down here without throwing cold water over me in that way?"

"Love me for a few weeks?" I said, puzzled. "How do you mean?"

He laughed in a slightly embarrassed way, without reply, so I went on: "Was that cold water? I did not mean to be rude, I only meant to be honest. I do not want to give you any unnecessary pain."

He regarded me curiously.

"So you think you couldn't love me?" he asked.

"No. I will enough to—to marry you," I said with averted face and deep embarrassment. Another long silence which nearly sent me frantic. What had I done? What could he be thinking of? Presently he broke in indignantly with:

"Yes, I do want you, and you will marry me won't you?"

"Oh, no please don't ask me. I was afraid of this, only I couldn't tell you sooner. I feared as he was alarmed me by his earnestness. He persuaded and coaxed, and I grew almost fearful in denying him. Finally he said:

"I won't tease you any more. You will have lots of sweethearts after a while, and just let me tell you this: If you treat them as you have me, they will thank God, as I do, that they have met and loved one perfectly honest woman. And as he helped me down at our own door he added, 'I shall never get over this, I shall never marry.'"

He did not come in with me, thereby making everybody on the porch smile, as my guilty aspect could not have failed to do. His tone was so

tragic that I thought perhaps he would kill himself. I saw myself the cause of his bachelor life and felt like a criminal. But he did not die, he married another girl. I did not know then, but I do now, that "Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

The next was from a man who professed to be a great deal for me. It came about in this way: I was standing at the top of the piazza steps as he came up the walk, and overheard the honey-suckle and amphetos roses met and made an arch. No one was in sight, but my mischievous cousins were behind the closed blinds and heard every word especially as they said, "Mr. John talked louder than ever in moments of tenderness, as they claimed that his proposal could have been heard 'out in the big road.' He took off the steps. Without a word of preface he said:

"What a lovely sight! Sweet picture every night when I come home. I wouldn't ask the Lord to give me another thing! Do you think you could do it for me?"

"What? stand there every night?" I said, laughing, thinking it merely a compliment to my white dress.

"Yes, stand there every night and let me know that yours was the face of my wife," he said.

"Will you?"

"Oh, Mr. John!" I gasped. (You will notice, friends, that I do not play a coquette's game in these infatuated, being too frightened to be self-conscious, and too ignorant to be coquettish.)

"I love you, sweetheart," he said. "You are the only woman I have ever loved. I certainly heard a sound behind the blinds, but did not dare to look round."

"Oh, Mr. John!" I said again, like an idiot.

"Could you love an ugly old fellow like me?" he pursued, describing me in three equally flattering words, which I forbore to repeat.

"Oh, I don't think you are so very ugly," I said eagerly, trying to be both polite and honest—a difficult feat, by-the-way.

A sudden flapping of the curtain behind me made my hair rise, and my confusion was complete when Mr. John threw his head back and laughed so heartily, he nearly lost his balance. He interrupted my apology and grew suddenly grave.

"You are the only woman I have ever loved, but not too old and ugly to love you. Pretty soon you'll go back up north, but you'll not forget that there's one old fellow who loves you, no matter how old you were—you couldn't be ugly—any time you wanted him."

"Oh, how good you are!" I exclaimed, and for his offer seemed to me my inexperience, a very handsome one.

"Promise me that if you ever change your mind you will send for me. I will be glad to see you, especially if you are in a hurry. Much obliged, I gave the required promise. He begged a rose from me and came in. I called the girls and entered with them. He was a long call, quite as if he had not been rejected to stand with me.

I chronicle these with great faithfulness because they were my first, and because of a whole year after, when I hardly spoke to a man. Then came an end to school-days, my debut and freedom, did you say? No, a slavery far worse than that of the schoolroom.

My first love was so conventional they seem to leave nothing to tell. They were echoes of the ballroom theatre. I remember every word of them, but I cannot tell you, but I believe that no matter how much of a villain such a man afterward may become in the heart of the woman, once honored by a whole year of love, and there are always a gentle thoughts of him despite his sins, and hidden under all the secret wonder if such sin would have existed had he answered been "yes" instead of "no."

Of course experience of many things came with several seasons in society, and being naturally adaptable, I soon learned how to conduct myself under trying circumstances. Each season laid its tributes at my feet and to all I listened willingly hoping, yet undeniably hoping, that some one would come to me. I was a little girl, and who is the only one I ever had who became my friend afterward. Strange how soon men's love turns to hate if one does not give what they ask. True, they do not want much—simply a woman's heart and soul and mind and name and identity! And because these are hard to give, they are grateful to the lover. He becomes anything but your friend. All but this one it seems to me I must always have known that he loved me, and I was an unfeeling patient, a friend that I always think of him as unchanging. All that he said was:

"Phyllis, we have gone this far in life apart. I have been waiting for the day together." And when I said "no," and began to excuse myself, he stopped me.

"Dear girl, don't say that to me. I have loved you much too long and too well not to know you. I understand all you would say. Trust me as I trust you, and forget everything I ever said, except that my heart aches with love for you. Remember that always. Shall we walk on?"

I was so dismayed by his abrupt dismissal of the subject that I nearly fell down instead. How conventionally he turns to hate if one does not give what they ask. True, they do not want much—simply a woman's heart and soul and mind and name and identity! And because these are hard to give, they are grateful to the lover. He becomes anything but your friend. All but this one it seems to me I must always have known that he loved me, and I was an unfeeling patient, a friend that I always think of him as unchanging. All that he said was:

The last one was from a man at a ball. On his dress coat, as he claimed me for a waltz, was a long white thread. I was so attracted by attention to it and took it off. Maud saw me, and knowing things were in that interesting condition when a word would precipitate matters, thought to tease me by saying, "Who is it that says if a woman will take the trouble to pick a thread from a man's coat, that man may have her for the asking?" She laughed gleefully at my discomfort, and floated away to the arms of her partner. Her mocking face reappeared to me at intervals throughout the dance.

First time we stopped to promenade, Maud came and stood down at me, and there caught in the flowers of my gown was the same long thread. He bent down to take it off just as we came to a clearing among the trees.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"I'm picking threads off your coat," repeated, stepping in front of me. "Will you?" I thought he meant would I go on with the waltz. I did not say he was in his and we melted into our places.

"Did you understand?" he whispered.

Now, it is bad enough to have to refuse a waltz on a dance, but to have to do it when you are in his very arms; when, while he tells you over and over that he loves you, he can emphasize with a hand pressure, without reproach, when every second you are imperceptibly being drawn closer and closer, until the wretched truth dawns upon you that the mu-

love you even if you are an American. I love all America for your sake, although I confess I used to hate it. Only an American shall be my wife, if she will have me, and my mother shall receive her. The little American shall hold her own with even my mother. What does she say?"

"She says this: The little American is too proud to marry into any family where she is not welcomed by all. The stars east upon American girls by your mother in my presence, ring in my ears too loudly for me to hear you. I recognize no aristocracy save that of mind, and soul, and that I cannot afford to be a pariah. Perhaps an American will some day be as proud to marry me as I shall be to marry an American—one who loves my country for her own sake, and not for mine, and in whose home both shall be revered and not insulted. Your mother's pride forbids you to marry aught save money. My pride forbids me to marry anything save the man."

"Hang me if I don't tell her what you say!" he exclaimed in delight. "What a high-stepper you are! I like you for it. You ought to be in our family. I'll marry you yet, and my mother shall be as glad to get you as I, for I love you, Phyllis."

"If you do you will never mention the subject to me again, for not only I, but I can't even respect a man of your well-known habits. I've remonstrated with you often and you won't even try to give them up. You make a bad case of it. You would make a worse husband."

"I'll reform if you marry me. I'll give up cards. You're such an angel, Phyllis, you could do anything with me. I'm a bad lot, I know, but I could be a good one always I couldn't help being better."

"Try it alone first. Be a man for the sake of your own manhood, and not to please a weak woman."

"I can't, I need your daily help."

"You shall have it," I said eagerly. "Come and see me every day if you like."

No, I mean your hourly presence. I must be sure of you first. I want to reform for my wife. Dear Phyllis, please say yes."

"I hesitated. I did not love him. Should I—could I?"

"No," I said. "I hope you won't think me unkind, but I can't."

"Unkind?" he echoed. "I think you are the cruellest girl I ever knew. I don't believe you love me at all."

"Why of course I don't! Did you think—?"

"I think that you have driven me to despair. And when the worst comes just say to yourself, 'This is my work. I alone could have saved him and I wouldn't.'"

"I shan't," I said hastily and ineluctably. "Because I isn't! I won't be I don't!"

"Phyllis, you little think what you have done to-day. If you persist you have deliberately destroyed a man's soul. Men who are in the hands of women. Mine is in yours. What will you do with it?"

As usual I was badly frightened. I felt faint, but I stood up and held out both hands to him, saying tremblingly:

"I give it back to you just as received. I dare not undertake the responsibility. Make of it what you will."

He crushed my both hands in his and then flung them from him.

"I'll go to the devil then," he said, and I think he kept his word. We parted. And when the worst comes just say to yourself, "This is my work. I alone could have saved him and I wouldn't."

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"Phyllis, you little think what you have done to-day. If you persist you have deliberately destroyed a man's soul. Men who are in the hands of women. Mine is in yours. What will you do with it?"

One day came an offer from a man who had loved me ever since I was a little girl, and who is the only one I ever had who became my friend afterward. Strange how soon men's love turns to hate if one does not give what they ask. True, they do not want much—simply a woman's heart and soul and mind and name and identity! And because these are hard to give, they are grateful to the lover. He becomes anything but your friend. All but this one it seems to me I must always have known that he loved me, and I was an unfeeling patient, a friend that I always think of him as unchanging. All that he said was:

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sic and the dance are secondary things, and that in reality you are being hugged, actually hugged by a man whom you are not going to marry—you must resist the impulse to put both your hands against him and push with all your might. You simply get tired suddenly and are taken to your chamber, where at least you can refuse him properly.

There have been all kinds of men, as Maud says, "mostly eligibles," would you have chosen any of them or, like me, let one after another pass because no answer rose in your soul? The man is yet to come who can strike a spark from the heart of a Phyllis Perchance.

A WILD BOAR HUNT.

The Royal Sport in Germany.

In the fall of 1877 the Emperor William I. of Germany and his son, the Crown Prince, afterward the beloved Emperor Frederick I., came down to Cassel, where my regiment was then stationed, to attend a wild boar hunt organized by the Forestry Department. I was one of the officers chosen by the Crown Prince as a guard of honor. About forty of the most prominent military men of Germany were to join in the hunt, which was to take place ten miles out of town on the public domain.

The guard of honor, which consisted of twelve captains and lieutenants, did not expect a great share of the sport, for we were not to be given the best positions in the line.

The Crown Prince was an enthusiastic sportsman and a crack shot. He was extremely popular with all classes in Germany, and was fairly idolized by the officers of the Prussian army. There was much competition as to who should be his immediate personal attendant, and Count Bernadotte, a lieutenant in my regiment, obtained this honor.

In Germany the Forestry Department has charge of all game, and those who hunt over the grounds under its supervision must obey its rules. Only muzzle-guns and rifles are allowed to be used, so that "slaughters" are impossible. An unwritten rule forbids any man who calls himself a hunter to take to a tree if attacked. For defence in such a case a long knife, called a hirschfanger, is carried.

Only three animals in Germany will charge, namely: the bear, wild boar, and wolf. In hunting the bear, one has fired and failed to kill, the chances are ten to one that the animal will charge. Dropping on one knee the hunter holds his hirschfanger with both hands against his chest and strives to direct the point of the weapon against the spot between the shoulder blade and neck of the charging brute.

If the hunter fails in this, he must throw himself face downward on the ground and fold his arms over his head. The furious bear does not stop in his wild charge to worry a prostrate form; but he will rush over or by, and his sharp tusks generally give a slash in the man's arm, thigh or side, the marks of which he will carry to his grave.

Five seconds after the crash, if the hunter is able to look about him, he may hear the bear making through the underbrush a hundred yards away, and will be thankful that he has escaped with so slight injury.

It was eight o'clock on a clear, frosty morning when we of the royal hunt took our places about one hundred feet apart in the dense forest. All were dressed in the German hunting costume of grayish-green, and each was armed with a muzzle-loading rifle and a hirschfanger.

The hunters had been driving since five o'clock. We could hear the baying of the approaching dogs. I was stationed among some beech-trees where there was a little undergrowth. As usual I was the first bear hunt of my life, and I kept my eyes and ears strained to catch a sign of a wild boar.

By and by a deer rushed by me, and then several foxes; but by the rules of the hunt nothing but boars was to be shot. The forest was full of escaping game.

The rifles were beginning to make themselves heard; the boars were coming. Just then an officer of the Emperor's household came up to me and handed me a note for the Crown Prince. The officer told me that the Emperor had retired from the hunt owing to a slight indisposition. It happened to be the first one of the

prince's party whom he had encountered, and of course I had to deliver the note thus losing my place in the line and my chance at the game.

It was extremely annoying, but there was nothing to do but find the prince. As I hurried along I saw several hogs, but it was against the rules to stop to shoot anything while carrying an official message.

The Crown Prince had just killed a huge boar when I saluted him, and received the message kindly. Something in my face may have told him that I regretted being deprived of my sport, for he called Count Bernadotte and sent him off with a written answer to the message he had received from me.

When the count had gone the Prince too me to take his place, not thirty feet from his side, and said in a cheerful way, "The next boar is yours, Herr Lieutenant."

I had hardly time to thank him when I heard some heavy animal crashing through the scrub. In another second a great grayish-brown hog made right for me. Anxious to acquit myself well in the eyes of the Crown Prince, I instantly aimed and fired. The hog turned a somersault and fell dead not ten feet from me.

"A good shot, lieutenant," said the crown prince laughingly, "but please spare the sows!"

To my great mortification, I then saw I had killed a sow—a most humiliating mistake, and one of which I was likely never to hear the last from my brother officers. As I related the story bitterly that it would have been much more to my credit if I had accidentally shot myself.

Luckily I had not much time to think. The dogs were getting nearer and brush all around me was stirring. I heard the Crown Prince say to me, "Try again, Herr Lieutenant," and turned to see a great mass of dirty brown-colored bristles not thirty feet away. I mistook the animal's ship this time. In my dreams I still see the animal's fiery red eyes, his foaming jaws, and the glistening white froth curled over his snout.

The unlucky shot I just made may have unnerved me, for in spite of a careful aim I only wounded the brute in the back. On bed came with a loud shrieking snort of pain and rage. He seemed the embodiment of animal fury, as with erect bristles and gnashing jaws he tore upon me.

As I drew my hirschfanger and knelt to receive his charge, I remember praying that I might kill him, or he me. I caught the report of a rifle when the boar reached me. A fearful shock followed. I was knocked head over heels, and lost consciousness.

When I came to my senses I found myself in bed, and so sore that I could not move. My left thigh had received a cut a foot long and more than an inch deep. My right wrist was broken, both arms were swollen, and my head and body were covered with bruises.

It appears that the Crown Prince had fired and mortally wounded the boar just as my sword found the hirschfanger. I had also found the brute's heart; but such was the creature's vitality that in its death struggles it had reached and cut my thigh with its tusks before anyone could get me out of the way. There is little doubt that a hirschfanger is a trusty weapon, but I never tried it on a wild boar again.

It was three months before I could resume my duties in my regiment. When I did I never heard a word about the sow. Knowing the prince's generous nature, I believe that he took the blame for my sportsman-like blunder on himself.

Three weeks after my unfortunate encounter with the wild boar I received a package from a Berlin bookbinder. It contained the boar's tusks mounted in gold and joined by a ring on which was the following inscription:

"Fritz s. L. Lieutenant."
 Fritz to his dear little mount.
 I cherish it as a most precious memento of that great and noble man.

The dissemination of disease by flies, writes Surgeon-General Sir William Moore, has been regarded among us with too much indifference. It is indeed, it has not been generally ignored. Sir William Moore has had exceptional opportunities of observing the extent of this evil in Eastern countries. Regarding flies, he elicits a number of startling facts, together with a list of some of the diseases, which are known to be spread by flies.

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Keep the Works in good order

W. H. COMPTON, Brockville, Ont., January 15, 1896.

"Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills" are the best regulator for the system that I have ever used. Life is as a time piece, and it is of great importance to keep it in good order. A time piece that is out of order is of no use, and the same is true of the human system. I have used Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills for many years, and I can say that they are the best I have ever used. They are so gentle and so effective, that they are a perfect remedy for all the ailments of the system. I have used them for many years, and I can say that they are the best I have ever used. They are so gentle and so effective, that they are a perfect remedy for all the ailments of the system. I have used them for many years, and I can say that they are the best I have ever used. They are so gentle and so effective, that they are a perfect remedy for all the ailments of the system.

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A Thrilling Experience in India

ever thought of them. I had now thoroughly regained my self-control.

"Laboriously, very deliberately, I got my sight, and covered a spot right behind the old tigers's forehead with a new dot. From the position I was in, I knew this would carry the bullet diagonally upward through the heart. I should have preferred to put a bullet into the tiger's side, but the disabled condition and awkward posture I could not safely try it.

"Just as I was ready one of the cubs got in my way, and my heart was torn between the two. I was a playful cuf, which sent it rolling to one side. The next instant I pulled the trigger—and my heart stood still.

"My aim had not wavered: a hair's breadth away from the tiger's side, mingled with a fierce yell from the tiger, and the long-barred body straightened itself up into the air. The cubs steered off in great confusion, leaving almost on top of me, stertation.

"I sat up, and drew a long breath of thankful relief. The tiger lay dead, as stone dead.

"I had no time to walk at once, so I leaped against the body of the vanquished foe and rested. My shoulder was by this time setting up an anguish that made me think little of my other injuries. Nevertheless, I thought about me took on a glow of exquisite color. So great was the reaction that the very sunlight seemed transfused.

"I now fairly smiled as I rapped the cub on the month with my rifle barrel. I felt no inclination to shoot the youngsters, but I would have no more of their over-ardent attentions. The animals soon realized this, and lay down to their rest beyond my reach, evidently waiting for their mother to reduce me to proper submission.

"I must have lain there half an hour, and my elation was rapidly subsiding before the agony in my shoulder, when at last my man, Gungeet, appeared, tracking the tiger's trail, and a healthy emotion.

"He had no more to say, and I, having vowed to save me or avenge me ere he slept. His delight was so sincere and his courage in tracking the tiger, that I doubted his words on the spot.

"The cubs on his approach, had run off into covert, so we set out at once for the post. When I got home, I was still raging over the cub with my wounds, kept me laid up for three months.

"On my recovery I found that Gungeet had gone the next day and captured the tiger's mother. He had sent down the river to Benares, while the skin of the old tiger was spread luxuriously on my lounge.

"So you will not wonder," concluded the clergyman, "that the thought of a cat playing with a mouse has become somewhat distasteful to me since that experience I have acquired so keen a sympathy for the mouse!"

Peculiar Prayers.

In those churches where the imagination of the clergy is not confined within the strict limits of a liturgical service, occasionally, although not so frequently now as formerly some very peculiar prayers are heard. In the case of the latter, everyone knows, a liturgy has always been regarded as almost necessarily implying Popery, the clergy have frequently shown their strongly-marked character by the use of language scarcely less in their supplications than in their proverbially long discourses.

One of the most noted ministers in this connection was the late Mr. Shirra, for many years the officiating clergyman of the Secession Church at Kirkcaldy, in Fifeshire, who had a great reputation for his short, pithy outspoken remarks generally. He it was who uttered the famous commentary on the eleventh verse of the 116th psalm, where the psalmist says, "I said in my heart, I will not be troubled," "I said, I will not be troubled," was Mr. Shirra's remark, "if ye had lived in this parish ye might hae said it at your leisure!" statement said it at your leisure!" a statement which was due to him to repeat.

Another occasion which called forth his sarcasm was when a young soldier, in all the pomp and circumstances of glorious uniform, entered the church, and, in response to the minister's prayer for the poor, intemperately to find a seat, but really to exhibit his new clothes to the admiring gaze of the congregation. Mr. Shirra eyed him for a few seconds, and then, in a low, but distinct tone, he said, "man, sit doon, an' we'll see your new breeks when the kirk scales (disappear)."

But it was Mr. Shirra's prayers were to speak. The hamlet of Kirkcaldy, adjoining Kirkcaldy, now incorporated in the city of Dundee, was a town chiefly inhabited by weavers, some of whom, after a spell of brisk trade, invested part of their earnings in the purchase of very gorgeous and showy clothes. Even the Seceders among the weaving community were not free from the failing, and one of them actually appeared in church on Sunday in a magnificent suit of broad and massive buttons when caught by the sun's rays, flashed and scintillated, to the great consternation of Mr. Shirra, while deep in his "fourthly."

"Fifthly," said the prayer, which concluded as follows: "Oh, Lord, we pray, we most earnestly pray, that in the greatest mercy and compassion, thou wilt bestow wisdom, heavenly wisdom, and fatherly kindness, put an end to all this sinful folly, and either give the weavers of Scotland more wit or less siller!"

Lord's eye took at the words of the said "fifthly," and a faint smile on his face that might sail the Laird "Dunnikier."

This sudden outbreak of dandyism was not, however, easily put down, and the next day the same man and his prayers regarding it heard from Mr. Shirra's pulpit. In almost every prayer for some time after this he petitioned, that the Lord "would bestow wisdom, heavenly wisdom, and fatherly kindness, an' tell them, if the dearest child of their head, that wastery when young, wad leave a cauld coal to glow at when auld."

During this ministry, too, that Paul Jones appeared in the North's piratical squadron in 1779, so the no small dismay of the coast towns, and it was locally attributed to the mere fear of the Lord, the supplication that the said Lord "would bestow wisdom, heavenly wisdom, and fatherly kindness, an' tell them, if the dearest child of their head, that wastery when young, wad leave a cauld coal to glow at when auld."

they came from," then he said: "The Lord wif! His wind can easily blow them out o' the Frith." Another account adds that at that moment, feeling a breath of wind on his cheek he said: "The Lord wif! Weel dune, Lord, anither puff!"

The late Dr. John Brown, author of the well-known humorous-pathectic "Iab and His Friends," tells of a brilliant career of his grand-uncle, the Rev. Ebenezer Brown, like Shirra, a member of the Secession Church. While on a missionary tour in the north-west, he met a band of men and women on their way to the harvest field, whom he asked to stop and hear the Word of God. They said they could not do that, as they were going to meet a doctor, who, thereupon, paid them what they would lose, and closing his eyes, engaged in prayer. When he had ended, he looked up and found his congregation diminished. Like brother Thomas, to whom he afterward complained of their unfaithfulness, made this shrewd remark: "Eben, the next time ye pay folk to hear ye'll see the doctor's band o' men pay them when you are done."

The long drought experienced this summer recalls the fervent prayer for rain of a Scotch minister during a recent summer. He prayed for some minutes, and, as if in immediate answer, the rain came down in clained, as if it were more than the torrents, and lashed the windows of the church with rain and noise. The minister paused and exclaimed: "Toot, toots, but, that's mair ridiculous!"

The Rev. Mr. Dunlop was at one time a well-known figure in the South of Scotland, a man gifted, like so many of his countrymen, with a large measure of shrewdness, and what is termed "pokiness," and on one occasion Mr. Dunlop, while on his round of pastoral visits, arrived at a farmhouse, where shortly after entering, he was as usual, asked if he would like anything to eat. He said so, that he must take something after he had finished his devotional exercises, adding to the good wife: "Ye can put on the fryin'-pan an' have the doon, alar, and I'll draw to the fire the prayer when I hear the ham fizzin'."

They were a quaint body of men, the ministers of the old school in Scotland, now, alas, getting fewer and fewer every year.

Development of Consumption.

Doctor Pepper, in a clinical lecture recently delivered at the University of Pennsylvania, took occasion to note the influence of surroundings in the development of consumption in certain individuals.

Some persons have an undoubted tendency to this disease, which tendency they have inherited from one or both of their ancestors. Parents have suffered from the disease the tendency is most pronounced.

It must not be supposed that every one inheriting a consumptive tendency is doomed to die during the years preceding maturity, that the danger of poor, unhygienic surroundings is greatest, but "if such persons can be kept strong until old age, the atmosphere they may become the very strongest of the strong."

The conditions are favorable for the development of consumption only when the development of the disease then follows a cold, a catarrh, the bacilli of tuberculosis become lodged in the mucous membrane, invade the tissue and spread.

The unfavorable influence of dusty occupations and of the dust which is inhaled from the streets and in travelling conveyances, the speaker said: "There is no one here who has not had the air-tight car enter his air-passages, but their must be some resisting power which has made it impossible for the organisms to gain entrance into the system, and which has prevented them from spreading."

When the surroundings of an individual are unhygienic, the occupation uncongenial and depressing, or such as to prevent sufficient sleep, the disease is more likely to develop. Then the strongest constitution may offer but little resistance to the ingress of consumption. It is safe to say that every case of consumption is first grafted under just such circumstances.

"Let a person tax his strength, let a growing child become weedy, lank and below weight, and the system is weakened. Let a man work in a field where tuberculosis, if implanted will spread."

Persons in whose families this disease has existed should recognize the fact that they are born with a decided lack of resistance in themselves. Fatigue and excesses of all kinds should be avoided. As much of life as is possible should be spent in the open air, away from the city, and the conditions applicable to all alike, should be carefully observed.

—YOUTH'S Companion.

Personal Politics.

At a recent reception held by the Prince of Wales Mr. Gladstone was loudly hissed by the Tories present. The incident, a gross departure from the respect due to his august host, has been a delicious illustration of the bitterness of the personal animosities created by English politics. Another British statesman, the late Lord Beaconsfield, often encountered in his career the virulent hostility of his political opponents.

One day, while residing at his country house, Hughenden Manor, he was walking on the terrace, dressed in the easy coat and old slouched hat which he always wore about the place, when a farmer, The gate opened, and two women, strong Gladstonians entered the grounds.

Supposing him to be a keeper or gardener or something of that sort, they inquired if they would show them the place. The lady who had once undertook to do. While they were walking about they overwhelmed him with questions as to the habits of the master of the manor, and one of the women said: "Madam, do you think you could manage to get us a sight of the old beast?"

"Madam," said Lord Beaconsfield, "the old beast has the honor to wait upon you now."

A good story is told of the Indians, who replied when the missionary asked them if they were willing to take the first of Sunday. "Yes, and not only on Sunday, but on all other days as well."

Mrs. Nagger (to servant): "hear you're going to be married, Jane, so suppose you will want to leave it."

Servant: "No, mum, I've broken it."

Mrs. Nagger: "You've broken it, and master lead, I've decided never to marry, mum."

HOW THE QUEEN'S WASHING IS DONE
All About the Royal Laundry.

It may not be generally known that the Queen has a special laundry, but such is the case, and it would be difficult indeed to pick a more picturesque spot than that occupied by the Royal Laundry on the borders of Richmond Park.

At the entrance to the drive is a pretty ivy covered cottage, beyond which it is impossible for the unauthorized stranger to pass, as the Royal Laundry is almost as jealously guarded as the Bank of England, and the drive to the summertime is rendered beautiful by the greenery and masses of red roses on either side. Arriving at the laundry, it is found to be a large but rather unpretentious two-story building, and upon entering it the usual "wash day" soap and soda peculiar to "washing day" is very much in evidence.

Along each side of the passages are large wooden cupboards, in which the several kinds of the greenery and tons of which are bought at a time and tremendous chests filled with soda and carbonate of soda are also to be seen.

The ordinary linen, consisting of towels, tablecloths, etc., arrives at the laundry in huge square baskets. These are then emptied, the contents of the baskets being dumped together with the lists accompanying them.

The personal linen of the Royal Family is sorted in a special room, the wooden boxes containing it bearing blue compartments in which is inscribed the owner's name and number of the box, such as "The Queen, No. 16," "The Princess of Wales, No. 21," etc.

The washing apparatus is of the most perfect and recent manufacture, and the wringing, drying and mangling machinery is most complete.

In every room order and the strictest discipline are maintained, and the different operations are conducted with clockwork regularity and despatch.

When the clothes are properly dried, they are placed in big heaps, each heap belonging to a different palace.

Most of the linen is prettily marked in red cotton, O. H., B. C., E. P., with white compartments, and the markings are now done with rubber hand-stamps. To show how the Royal linen wears, the date 1860 may be noticed on some of the tablecloths, which date of the existing mode of making is made for the Queen, and the designs are exceedingly pretty, consisting as they do of ingenious combinations of Her Majesty's monogram and the royal coat of arms, the shamrock, together with a number of Royal armorial bearings.

Some idea may be gathered of the extent of the Royal Laundry when it is stated that the Queen's annual washing bill amounts to very nearly \$6,000.

Ringworm.

Ringworm is a contagious disease of a parasitical nature, produced by the growth in the skin of a vegetable parasite, the fungus, which progresses round one of the spread of fire in prairie grass. From a point it spreads outward in a more or less regular ring of reddish inflammation, which gradually extends and spreads outward, as if the material necessary for its continuance at a single spot were soon exhausted.

It attacks all parts of the body, but is most often found on the face, the back of the hands and the scalp.

Children contract it oftener than adults, probably because their skin is more delicate, and because peculiar opportunity is afforded for direct contact of the person in schools and other places where children congregate. The disease is commonly spread by the use of their articles of clothing, and by combs.

When it attacks the scalp the hairs become dry, brittle and twisted, and fall out. The ends next the skin look rough, as though bitten or gnawed off.

Since ringworm is parasitical in its origin, it might be supposed that measures of simple cleanliness would rid the system of the disease, but while such measures hinder its spread to some extent, its thorough removal is effected only by remedies aimed at the destruction of the parasite.

This is a much more serious task than it would be if the growth of the fungus took place directly upon the surface of the skin. It is therefore important that the treatment should be exactly fitted to the peculiarities of the particular case.

It is the more important that professional advice should be sought, because the occurrence of ringworm is often associated with the presence of systemic debility of insufficient nutrition. Some of the most rapid and permanent recoveries from this troublesome disease are obtained when, in addition to proper medicinal treatment, the patient is sent away from home for a time, though the distance be but slight.

A writer in a recent medical review says that when ringworm appears in a school, rigid measures should be taken to prevent its spread as the disease though apparently easily cured, is apt to recur, and, if neglected, to become more or less chronic.—Yours' Companion.

French Politeness.

During the recent meeting of the French and English ships at New York, the following story, illustrative of old time marine manners, was told. It was thought enough by a French officer:

An English admiral who was once visiting a French flag-ship, laid down his quid on a convenient bulkhead before entering the officers' quarters. When he returned, he was astonished to find the quid in the place where he had left it.

"Pooh!" said he, in the hearing of some of the sailors, you French are not so particular about your No. 1 English blue-jacket, now, would you have left an admiral's quid alone.

Whereupon one of the French sailors stepped up, touched his cap, and said:

"Beg pardon, admiral; I was chewing your quid while you were in there, but I put it back, you know, when I heard you coming out!"

It is a curious coincidence that in the same week in which the Ironclad Victoria was lost, her namesake, the three-decker was sold out of the service, and the first of the Ironclad. The latter ship, launched in 1860, was the last three-decker ever built for the British Navy and to make

the coincidence even more remarkable, the vessel served only one commission, as flagship also of the Commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean. Like her unfortunate successor, she was in her time considered a magnificent specimen of shipbuilding, but she was the last of the race, as it was recognized that under modern conditions of warfare she would be perfectly useless.

DYSPEPSIA CURED.
GENTLEMEN.—I was troubled with dyspepsia for about four years. I noticed an advertisement of Burdock Blood Bitters, so I started to use it and soon found that there was nothing to equal it. It took just three bottles to effect a perfect cure in my case.
BERT J. REID, Wingham, Ont.

They always talk who never think.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.
South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in one to three days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. Seventy-five cents. Warranted by all druggists.

Mark your natural tendencies and apply them.

A LETTER FROM EMERSON.
"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and I think it is the best remedy for summer complaint. It has done a great deal of good to myself and children."
MRS. W.M. WHITELY, Emerson, Mass.

A husband at home is worth two in a saloon.

THE FOUR CARDINAL POINTS.
The four cardinal points of health are stomach, liver and blood. Wrong action in any of these produces disease. Burdock Blood Bitters acts upon the four cardinal points of health at one and the same time, to regulate, strengthen and purify, thus preserving health and removing disease.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

OFF IN PERIL.
Lives of children are often endangered by sudden and violent attacks of cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery and bowel complaints. A reasonable and certain prevention is to keep Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry always on hand.

To succeed work hard, earnestly and incessantly.

A CURE FOR HEADACHE.
Headache arises from constipation, bad blood, dyspepsia or liver complaint. As Dr. B. B. B. cures all these complaints it is naturally the most successful headache cure existing. Once the cause is removed the headache vanishes.

Have a smile for all a pleasant word for everybody.

UNBEARABLE AGONY.
For three days I suffered severely from summer complaint, nothing gave me relief and I kept getting worse until the pain was almost unbearable, but after I had taken the first dose of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry I found great relief and it did not fail to cure me.
WM. T. GLYNN, Wilfrid, Ont.

Difficulty strengthens the mind as labor does the body.


Rebecca Wilkinson, of Brown's Valley Ind., says "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia and Indigestion until my health was gone. I bought one bottle of South American Nerve, which did me more good than any \$50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy. I consider it the grandest medicine in the world." A trial bottle will convince you. Warranted by all druggists.

If You Have
Scrofula,
Sores, Boils, or
any other skin disease,
take
AYER'S
SARSAPARILLA
the Superior
Blood-Purifier
and Spring Medicine.
Cures others,
will cure you

The High Speed Family Knitter
Will knit 30 pairs socks per day. Will do all work any other kind. The most perfect family knitter on the market. A child can operate it. Machine, durable, simple, handy. We guarantee every machine to do good work. Beware of imitations. Agents wanted. Write for particulars.
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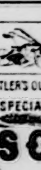
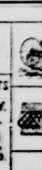
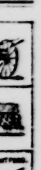
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